Talk Tummy to me

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/2419571.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Will Graham's Dogs, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Weight Issues, Poor Will, Will Knows, Hannibal is a Cannibal, Possessive Hannibal, Hannibal and Cooking, Hannibal is Hannibal, Physical Therapy, Explicit Sexual Content, Oral Sex, Why Did I Write This?, I Don't Even Know, I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping, Alternate Canon, Insecurity
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Saligia (OS)
Stats:	Published: 2014-10-07 Words: 7,327 Chapters: 1/1

Talk Tummy to me

by Aerosol

Summary

Will has a problem he doesn't want to talk about. But Hannibal finds out anyway.

Notes

I wrote this story in German and translated it into English. I hope there are not too many grammatical mistakes. If yes, please tell me. I always try to improve my writing :3

See the end of the work for more notes

“Why don't you eat, Will? “

Hannibal's voice cut like a gyro blade across the room and met Will with unprepared hardness.

He shrugged inevitably, the fork swaying gently in the air. The feeling of having been caught glowed uncomfortably on his skin, pumped in his cheeks in gently blooming red. He swallowed the morsel, he had constantly pushed back and forth with his tongue for almost three minutes and gulped. Hannibal's gaze fixed like a melting pot on his face, trying to burn in his eyes, but he knew it to avoid with a thoughtless stare at his plate. As to give the lie to Hannibal's reproachful question, he clutched the fork fixed, picked a strip of tender flesh with it and led it to his mouth, made it disappear hungrily between his lips. Only then he saw himself prepared to meet Hannibal borken brown depths. He gave his fiancé a noncommittal smile, implying wonder and innocence.

“What are you talking about? I'm currently eating.” he said noncholant, grabbed the wine glass and took a sip of the exquisite vintage. Hannibal did not dwell on his checked pattern. His chiseled features were significantly influenced by stoic suspicion.

“But not with the hunger I’m used to see on your face.” he insisted. Displeasure swept like a tidal wave over the dam of his tongue. “In addition, you suffer from increasing nervousness and anxiety. And you take longer walks with the dogs. These things occur to me for four days and I thought I should briefly mention it now.¨

“You surmise this, Hannibal.” Will said. He forced a laugh out of his lungs. “Your skills in the kitchen are peerless and I’ve never complained about one of your recipes. Each dish is heavenly, a panel for the gods- "

“You never finish your plate.” Hannibal interrupted him quietly. He cut a slice of glazed chestnut and plucked it painfully slow of his fork. “There remain leftovers, which is nothing like you in general. Due to the unsafe working and living location your father has given in your childhood, you grew up with the attitude to never waste or denigrate food. I think your approximate wording was *It’s not proper to let food rot in dumpsters, while other people are so hungry that they would kill for a single bite*. You told me one month ago.”

What followed was an awkward silence on the profiler’s side. Thus, the psychiatrist had Will stolen his thunder. His cheerful charade fell apart like a house of cards that had been built on the Himalayas. Secretly, he cursed himself for a thousand times. *Of course, he noticed it, you idiot*! the voice inside him scolded and he had to agree with it.

“Oh, have I said that? “

The question had no relevance actually. Hannibal nodded it off anyway.

“Yes.” He fanned on a napkin and cleaned the corners of his mouth meticulously from invisible sauces residues. “Is it because of your work? Does Jack Crawford force you to look

at images that push the limits of your mind? Be honest, Will and I will have a little chat with him."

Will shook his head frantically, so that his hair swirled like downy feathers in the air. Meanwhile, he knew only too well what definition *to chat* received in Hannibal Lecter's vocabulary and the last thing he wanted was to be greeted by Jack Crawford's grim bull figure who had gotten a professional lecture from his fiance a few hours ago. In addition, Hannibal had the wrong presumption. Currently, the work did not stress him that much.

"No, it's not." he muttered quietly and pierced his eyes with vehemence in the sanded oak of the shiny table top.

He hoped that Hannibal would leave him alone with his questions. The truth about his recently twisted eating habits shamed him. He could literally feel Hannibal raising a thoughtful brow.

"Am I the problem then?" he asked directly and Will heard as his heart trickled down with a rich KLONG from his chest into his pants. "Do I use a spice or another flavor you don't like? Are you only gulping my food to give me a pleasure?"

Will was glad that he was already seated, otherwise he would have been wavered on a couch or another furniture by now for sure. He found himself taken in crossfire, harsh and pointedly filed. Hannibal's anger built up constantly, every syllable sounded sharper than the previous one. To doubt his abilities in the field of cooking, unsuspected a snub of the worst degree, and although Hannibal preferred to wear his emotions pollinated behind a frost mask of warm glass, Will,using its exorbitant empathy, felt the empowering discomfort of the psychiatrist like it was his own.

Restlessly, he slipped on the chair's cushion. Caution was necessary.

"Nothing you cook for me, could ever be distasteful." he explained patiently, the fork almost floating on bigger stock. "I'm just... not hungry lately, okay? I don't know why. My health is great apparently."

Hannibal's mouth remained as tight-lipped line in sandy landscape. He did not look convinced, but he seemed a little more relaxed.

"What could tempt Will Graham to spoil his appetite then?"

"Not much." Will answered truthfully, this time an honest smile on his face. "And it says soon Will *Lecter*, not Graham. You should get used to it as fast as possible."

Hannibal could not avoid to join him with a vague smile himself.

"I already did." he said. It sounded decidedly. Well, it should be for in less than 15 weeks wedding bells would ring if they were adhering to the schedule.

Will nodded.

"Good." he said. And stood up abruptly. "I'm done."

He quickly gained the plates and cutlery on his hands, balancing it on the way to the hallway. Every muscle in his body was under power.

“But our talk is still not over.” it sounded sharply behind him and he had not expected anything else. “Will, it's rude to stand up in the middle of a conversation.” No reaction of the profiler. Only steps. “Will!”

“ I’m sorry.” he called to Hannibal over his shoulder, but rushed nonetheless to go into the kitchen and put the dishes in the sink.

His guilty conscience wanted him to go back, but being in a room with Hannibal, sitting across this face and to be mentally impaled from his dark eyes seemed only tolerable for a limited duration. His nerves were boiling, however, as they lay in a coal stove. He listened to whether Hannibal pursued him or expressed in another way, listened intently in the silence that everything could pose possible. He waited. Nothing. No peep. Not even a breath noise or clatter when a wine glass was placed on the table. Will took that as a bad omen.

He sighed.

“Did you just *flee* from me? “

Will nearly jumped out of his skin as the warm, heavy baritone crooned so close to his ear. He turned his head and looked up with bouncing heart. Hannibal stood a few inches behind him, watching him critically. *Like an avenging spirit* Will thought and then laughed inwardly because of his own morbid association. The elder man raised his arms and let his broad, capable hands rest on Will's shoulders, massaging the skin, covered by flannel, in gentle circles.

“ Oh, did I scare you? Forgive me.” he said, the innocence in his voice bordering on contempt. Warm breath swept over Will's tangled hair. He snorted.

“No. You only have a very soft-footed walk.” he said. He ignored mercilessly that his body was still haunted by suppressed trembling. Instead, he clung to the pulsating body behind him, offered him his throat and was satisfied when teeth hit his unprotected neck wantonly. “And just a reminder – Escaping from you is not that easy.”.

The vibration of laughing lips quivered through his flesh. It calmed him a little.

“Are we resentful now, my heart?”

“Look who’s talking.”

Hannibal remained at a point just below the hairline, blew hot air on cold-soaked skin.

“You sound like a prisoner, whom I have stolen the key to his cell.” he said.

Will narrowed his eyes to amused slits. He was incredibly glad that the subject of their conversation began to run in other lanes and that Hannibal seemed to have forgotten about his primary question. (For now.) “Oh, do I do that? How rude of me.” he said hypocritically, leaned back and ran his parted lips teasingly along the left corner of Hannibal’s mouth. An

invitation. To answer it, Hannibal's hands slipped from his shoulders and went deeper, sent a familiar tingling on Will's arms and chest. "Your behavior leaves much to be desired today." the psychiatrist said. He added his remark with a punishing bite on Will's neck. Will held back a gasp, suppressed the most puny sound.

"I'm very sorry." he repeated quietly, and even if he tried to be serious, he did not repent in the way he should have done. The nervousness, the feverish fear of losing control of the situation and to drive telltale syllable rags over his mouth had let him act instinctively. *Fight or Flight* was what the biologists promised and in that situation, Will had decided to prefer the flight. The mere thought of having to explain Hannibal the true reason of his recently lost appetite, made his blood stop firmly in his cheeks. Hannibal's hands lay comfortably on his hips, not having the intention to move away from these delicate spots that quickly.

"Something's bothering you. Tell me." he said, pursuing his fingers on Will's sensitive skin.

"I won't beg." the heavy baritone breathed against his earlobe.

The profiler sighed. Hannibal remained stubborn. It puzzled him why this should surprise at all.

"It's nothing, really." he insisted softly and was well aware of that he would not escape Hannibal curiosity with this answer. But to weave another construct of lies did not seem right to him, especially when he didn't like it himself when someone dished him fairy tales and sought after his manipulation. Such games they had played well enough already and he was not really willing to nourish this bad habit like a dried plant with bitter-sweet water pearls.

But the queasy feeling in the pit of his stomach remained as the felt the constant presence of foreign and yet so known hands on his body, pushing him into higher realms while they explored the moon-colored flesh below his shirt fabric with intriguing peace. Will did not move to stop the paths of rough fingertips. He lowered his paper thin eyelids at half-mast and enjoyed it. Hannibal's touch never implied mandatory sexual desire, although it was rarely unanswered. Sometimes Hannibal's lips and hands slid over his skin like his eyes did at several hours of the day. Inquiring, learning. Imbibing. Crossing the cosmos that housed the lecterous gloomy soul, craned her hundred heads out of darkness and looked at their possession, favor shadowy and blazing. Precise, careful as the instruments of the surgical activity he once had investigated.

The psychatrist's hands dangled over Will's chest, touching delicate muscles and the clavicle's wattle, kissing the embossed curve of the crook of his neck, the hastily jumping grafting of his adam's apple, then his hands moved lower, down to his ribs, fingering the vibrant life in the cage of bones, traveling to Will's soft abdomen…

Will petrified.

His breath caught and knotted in his lungs. Ice water was running in his veins.

"Not today." he said suddenly, stricter than intended, caught the wandering fingers into mechanical momentum and led their iron grip back on his chest to rest there. "I'm tired." he explained, spat each letter like freshly washed leather on a grate stuffed workbench.

Then he slipped out almost brutally of Hannibal's embrace and went out into the corridor without venturing a glance backwards. The second time he rescured himself so abruptly from a plight that actually had been none. Will wondered if he wished to die tonight and his brain had just forgotten to tell him about it. Even if, this time it would definitely be too late for a simple sorry. No request for forgiveness would now still bear fruit in Hannibal. Will secretly asked himself whether he overstretched any boundaries between them intentionally or just had very bad luck today, as he ascended the stairs to a bedroom that had become *theirs*within a few months.

The door was ajar when he wrapped his fingers around the golden knob and opened it widely. Immediately the joyous barking of his stray pack greeted him. They had taken partly place on the majestic bed. Winston was the first to jump from the silk blanket and pushed with his wet nose against the knuckles of Will's right hand. Will scratched him behind the ears just before he shooed him and his other comrades off the mattress, ordering them out into the corridor. He knew that Hannibal hated it when his four-legged friends cavorted in this sacred space and he thought that it would have been a rare stupid idea to provoke the mood of the psychiatrist once more this evening.

He went into the adjoining bathroom and splashed cold water in his chalk white face. A few strands of his dark brown hair fell down, leaving back moist sparks on his forehead. When he fleetingly ran his fingertips over his skin, he noticed that his cheeks glowed like volcanoes. He went back to the bedroom and took off his shirt, pulled it over his head and exchanged it with a simpler, grey variant for the night. He did not even realize himself how much he hastened to cover up his bare skin by several layers of fabric. He only breathed deeply again only when the shirt slightly billowed over the approach of his beige jeans and covered everything, what should be covered.

Then he froze abruptly. He felt another physical presence that had just entered the room. The quiet, mocking clicking of the latching door hinges only confirmed his suspicions and his throat was dry.

This cocktail of fear, adrenaline and abstinence would soon make him sick if he did not quickly found a way to stop it.

He did not dare to meet his eyes, but could not do as if he were not there, not behind him either. That's why he kept turned his back on him while he was working at the buttons of his pants, opened them. He had arrived at the zipper, as Hannibal's hands, large, warm, elegant, appeared behind him and the task of unhooking the metal teeth was overtaken. Will swallowed. A reflex preached him to flinch weakly, but it did not help in particular. Hannibal's body enveloped his own like a cocoon, as the carpet had wrapped around Cleopatra when she was rolled out to Caesar's feet.

"I said it already. Not today." he wanted to repeat harshly, but as the words rode on his tongue they sounded subdued and very, very quiet.

He felt a broad chin resting on his shoulder and how foreign breath curled in his neck. So soothing. So tender. So dangerous.

"What makes you think I'd look for intimacies tonight?"

Hannibal’s voice was like silk cotton, flecking and proselytizing but drowned in the sharp note of the chloroform, mingling with the many nuances of the accent transfigured baritone.

“Don’t you?”

Will almost lost control and expelled a sigh of relief, but he could deter from doing it at the last moment. Nevertheless, his instinct and the breathing chest against his back told him that Hannibal had noticed something and this was bad. Horrifying bad. Silence reigned between them. For a reckless, countless time ...

“Will, are you cheating on me?”

Will turned his head, went so far as to meet Hannibal with a confused look.

“What?” Was all he formed spontaneously on his lips. He wriggled out of the embrace and finally got rid of his pants, slipped from her to her on the futon to fold before bed. A behavior that he had trained for Hannibal with gritted teeth, for the doctor was not pleased when garments were scattered over the orientalic carpet like confetti. Presumably it would not have really cared the psychiatrist in that second. He was too busy with the other problem that intensified with every passing breath in his seething eyes.

“The signs would speak for it." he explained in merciless equanimity, his jacket pulled smooth around his ankles. "Loss of appetite, increased nervousness and gradient anxiety, the longer absence from home, the dwindling interest in sexual intercourse with your own partner, these exorbitant panic ..."

Hannibal’s enumeration flipped so unmoved from his tongue as he would work through the shopping list for their depleted hygiene products. Will remained in place. He was shocked. He could not believe the arbitrary castle Hannibal had built during his speculations. The whole thing slowly degenerated in a pure, ridiculous disaster. He tried to salvage the situation, but the psychiatrist did not slow up. He caught one of Will's wrists, tightening his grip almost brutally,. The pressure penetrated Will’s skin next to his throbbing, blue veins. It'd probably give birth to a few purple bruises later, but that was hardly the matter at this moment. More worrying was the tone to him in which Hannibal had spoken.

Despite the strict threaded, emotional monotony every word of the psychiatrist held a powered heat in its coldness, something he heard very seldom. He remembered to have heard it once, hidden behind a stationary comedy of expression and syllable steel. It had been that night at the opera, in which Hannibal had led him with much persuasion. Back when he was alone in a crowd full of unknown faces in the subsequent reception. He had randomly met Frederick Chilton who brought him to the balcony, danced with him in the pouring rain. Hannibal had appeared on the scene a little later. When Will thought back, still a battalion of queasy feelings mobilized in his gut, even if he sought constantly to memorize that nothing, absolutely **nothing** untoward had happened between him and the director of the psychiatric hospital.

“Is it Chilton?” Hannibal wanted to know in this second and for Will it was like the psychiatrist had looked in the back of his head and measured his thought fragments with compass and hemp thread. Horror reflected in his eyes.

“For God's sake, no! “ he spat out and the heat in his cheeks and the forehead region doubled. Hannibal's facial features carved themselves in remaining skepticism.

“Is it Price then?” he asked unforgivingly. “Zeller? *Jack*? “

“Hannibal, I’d never cheat on you! ”

“What is the problem? “

“I have no problem at all! “

“Since when do I disgust you?"

“I ... no, you don’t understand. This is completely wrong ... “

Hannibal looked at him searchingly. Extensively. He sighed as he noticed the lost expression in Wills eyes. He loosened his grip a little, rubbed lovingly over the irritated skin. An unspoken apology, as it often did in their relationship. Every *sorry* to entered the shadow of deafness. “Enlighten me.” he ordered,prompting a gesture.

“The problem.”

"The problem ..."

Will looked into some dark corner of the room, his head bent down. Everything was so unspeakably embarrassing to him. He took a deep breath. “The problem is me. Or rather *a part of me*.”

“Specify this part.” Hannibal encouraged him mildly. Will hesitated.

“It’s... the center of my body.” he stammered finally. Neck and face resembled the colour of peeled pepperoni pods. "My, um, tummy.”

Hannibal frowned.

“What about it?” he asked. “Do you have problems with your indigestion? Cramps? A virus maybe?”

Will shook his head wildly.

“No, nothing of that.” he said hastily."

“What then?”

Will blinked. He dropped his shoulders. After all he had no more purpose now to disengage a lazy excuse. He'd better make clear the decks. Reluctantly, he freed Hannibal fingers from his wrist, took a few steps and lifted the hem of his shirt. Naked skin was visible to the approach of his sternum. “Look at me.” he said, turned slightly.

“Can’t you think something up?”

Hannibal looked at him from head to toe. Long. Longer. His face wore a rarely puzzled expression. watercolor on display.

“To be honest, no.”

Wills mouth trimmed to a tight, angry line. Furious, he let go of the hem, grabbed the skin of his abdomen directly instead and kneaded it like shortcrust between his fingers.

“THERE.” he lamented outraged. “Look! This here is getting flabby. Hannibal, I'm fat!“

...

.....

Hannibal was silent.

Will looked at him. Impenetrable.

“That is why?” he asked and not a single emotion was to be noted in his baritone. “That's why you don’t want me to touch you? Because you think you’re too thick for me?”

Will thought he’d burn in shame. The problem articulated by Hannibal's mouth sounded, of course, far less tragic as he felt it for himself.

“I ... well ... um ... yes.” He felt crestfallen. And kinked. Literally bent. Like a straw, dipped in a glass of Long Iceland Ice Tea for ages sipping the dried sediment at the bottom.

“The longer walks with the dogs?” Hannibal asked him. It echoed in his ears, every sound seemed to hail from far away.

“I try to jog.¨ he brought out, almost choked on his confession.

“The leftovers?”

“I save calories.”

“Why haven’t you told me immediately? Why the charade? “

“I thought you’d find it nonsensical.”

Will could hear Hannibal tsking. And sank even more in his own suffering.

“As a matter of fact it *is* nonsense.¨ Hannibal fell into a didactic text. “Will, you have a **perfect** body, I wouldn’t want to take a single gram from you."

”This is what you say now.” Will muttered dismissively, pulling back his shirt so deep down until it covered his pelvic bone again. “But if I go on like this, I’ll soon be *really* fat and all that you’ll still see in me is... a burden. A porker. You’ll call me repulsive."

Silence. Hannibal said nothing. Whether out of anger or the plain indignation that he had introduced cannibalism in their dispute, Will couldn’t say. He waited. His heart was beating

like a jackhammer against his chest and his failed appetite created a void in his stomach, which almost reached a painful limit in this stress-related moment. At the same time his head buzzed in embarrassment and he felt sick. But he couldn't vomit, not now. Hannibal would not forgive him this wanton waste. He felt very vulnerable in his almost naked state.

He did not like to be in this emotional limbo, did not like to be unsure and wallow in fear.

"Hannibal?" he asked softly, finally forced himself to raise his head and drawing attention to his fiance. The psychatrist held his arms folded across his chest. Looked at him. His eyes were dark and fathomless as ever. Will tried to find harshness in them, the indication that there would be a penalty, a limitation or a self-imposed prescription for his ailing appearance. None of that happened, he saw nothing. Instead, Hannibal went up to him, slowly, but steadily. When he was going to a fawn, he didn't want to scare Will by too abrupt movements. Will stood still, did not move a muscle until the psychiatrist came to him and put his large, warm hands on his upper arms.

"I understand." he heard him whisper and was surprised when he suddenly found himself in a solid, soothing embrace. Thin lips quivered in his messy hair, caressing the scalp tenderly with a breeze of hot breath.

"It 's okay." Hannibal continued quietly. Will's panic subsided a bit and he leaned gradually relaxed against the other body.

"Really?" he asked, inhaled Hannibal smell deeply, almost greedily. A mixture of power, steadfast, bloodstained resistance and an expensive French aftershave he could not pronounce correctly. Hannibal answer girded itself in a weak laugh.

"Of course. I respect your wishes, Will. If it's uncomfortable for you to associate with me in any way, then I'm not going to force you." He kissed Will on the forehead to calm him. "It's late, we should go to sleep. Unless you want to be alone in bed today. I can sleep on the couch if even the simplest form physical contact should frighten you." Relief washed over Will's soul like a tsunami. These words seduced him nearly to give a smile. After the shock, even the tiniest, positive response meant the world to him. He lifted his head and caught Hannibal's lips, pulling him into a long and trustful kiss.

"Don't be silly." he breathed, letting the words closely vibrate against the psychatrist's mouth. "I'm chubby, but certainly not a dumbass."

"Hm." Hannibal said, keeping a thin smile around the corners of his mouth.

He kept his thoughts to himself, too.

Half an hour later, Will urged in bed and clustered at Hannibal's chest almost with relish, sighing at the hot body while he tried to find a good sleeping position. He also touched Hannibal's lower abdomen with his flip side, rubbing on it which the psychatrist did not accept numbly.

"Don't tempt me so much or you'll regret it." he growled warningly, concealing his face in Wills neck, looping an arm around his shoulder. The profiler chuckled.

"I'll take care not to do so." he said.

He drifted into a dreamless sleep, not knowing that this topic was far from over for Hannibal and that he would express his disapproval very soon ...

In the next three days they did not speak once more about *the problem*. Will and his weight insecurity fell under the table, like secret appetizers for his stray pack. The everyday life coupled with its experienced run, both men went to their work and Will practiced his longer walks as ever. He also proceeded to never scrape his plate properly.Hannibal recorded this, but did not raise the issue again. Similarly he proceeded with the fact that Will was still not ready to have sexual intercourse and did not allow him more touching than a chaste kiss. Thus the hours passed until the weekend came and Will was dozing off peacefully next to his fiance on Friday evening. He was (almost) carefree. He had yesterday placed on the scale and acknowledged, to his delight, that he had lost one kilogram. He felt good, better than before, but not good enough to meet Hannibal completely naked again. He avoided this to happen, had even got used to close the bathroom door when he showered. But that was fine. Hannibal had said that he understood him, right? Hannibal respected him and his wishes. While thinking about Will took the hand of the already sleeping psychiatrist and kissed his knuckles, each one individually.

I love this man still formed in one of his dim brain waves overcame him before the slow loss of consciousness set in. Therefore, he also no longer noticed as Hannibal, who had been awake all the time, opened his eyes and looked at him long and musing. And then made a decision that ordered him to get out of bed and to engage certain utensils he encamped in the deep shelves of his wall cabinet.

When Will woke up, his skull rang like a school bell. The world shimmered in waxy schemes of light and dark. He blinked, waited that his view cleared. Minutes after it did, he already wished he would have remained blind. He was no longer in bed, but in the dining room. His body had been transported to an end of the table on a chair and his upright posture was stabilized with ropes. The light on the ceiling was dimmed. First rays of dawn ran like bloody rivulets through the window. Will raised his head a little, inspected the table top with a dry throat. Directly in front of him several plates were spread out on the surface, filled with

small, diverse dishes. Desserts, brunch and lunch feast, dinner and even breakfast. His eyes widened in disbelief.

“What ... is that? ¨ he asked, knowing that Hannibal's presence waited behind him. He heard footsteps approaching. Then Hannibal sat next to him. His expression was stoic. In one hand he held a shimmering silver fork. “These are the portions of the dishes you have spurned this week. You will eat them now. All of them.¨ he said, and it sounded as if he would discuss whether they should go on a fishing trip today or not. Will’s face turned white. Uneasiness crept into his mind like stinging acid. The idea that Hannibal wanted to feed him while he could not move or dodge a single inch from the spot, he found ... yes, how did he find it? Horrible, inhuman? *Indecent*? He swallowed.

“Hannibal, please ...” he pleaded, but the psychiatrist silenced him with a pat on his belly. “¨This is therapy, Will.” he said quietly, but brooking no opposition. “I want to help you to be clear about how unnecessary your efforts are and that you don’t need to change anything about you. Because I don’t think you should change. You're marvellous to me and I won’t stand idly while you dishonor yourself with such foolish thoughts and actions.“ Will pressed his arms against the ropes that held him. The crude material pushed roughly between his skin, leaving scratchy welts, but it did not rip, just stretched out. His mouth turned into a finely-formed quartz-colored line.

“I refuse. You cannot force me to open my mouth.” he said. Although he did not really believe it. He had seen too many of Hannibal's cruel art works to give himself the illusion there was something what this man was not capable of. As if to confirm this fact Hannibal leaned slightly toward him, fled with his hand from his belly down to his hips and stroked the inside of his right thigh gently, specifically disregarding the center.

“Can’t I? ¨ he breathed, his breath surging like a comet against Will's ear. He winced. Hannibal smirked. “Well, we'll see who wins this battle. Open your mouth, William.”

“No more. Please, I think I must -¨ Will choked audibly. A copper timbre circulated in his mouth and nausea rolled over him like a drum. He waited, that his lips became watery and that unorthodox meal would jump up his throat again. He waited. And waited. But although the nausea persisted, the chewed food remained where it was. In the depths of his stomach. His questioning look waded with a trace of disbelief and horror as he saw an opened glass with colourless serum standing on the table and a syringe lingering on the edge of his view. He could assume about what Hannibal had done to him ...

¨The feeling passes. Be patient.¨ The psychatrist’s voice rang out shortly after. “I administered you a drug that should keep you from vomiting. We don’t want to waste any of these delicious crumbs or ruin the carpet, do we?”

Will choked, but pulled himself together and snapped for air. The sweat broke from every pore.

“No.” he brought out sobbing.

He felt as if he would burst and his flesh crawl to the outside. But before this could happen a fork, loaded with nutritious content, tapped against his trembling lips.

“Open your mouth.” ordered Hannibal beside him as he had done so often in the last hour, calm and demanding. Will knew he had no choice. Tears sprung in his eyes as he took the bite, chewed twice and forced it down his sore throat with great effort. It was worth a light kiss on his temple.

“Good boy. I’m so proud of you.” And Hannibal already balanced the next piece in front of his face. And the next. And the next. And the next. The procedure continued until the last plate was emptied and Will thought he’d die here and now while listening to the wet exploding sound of his detonating intestines. He breathed only intermittently, eyes blank and wide open. He looked to Hannibal, who regarded him with a content expression. He recoiled, whimpering, as a warm hand stroked gently over his bulging belly, pushing and testing the hardened yet soft surface. At the same time the old, naturalized shame returned and he squirmed feebly in his bonds.

“Please ...” he whined, wanting Hannibal to take away his hand and free him from the rope braid, so that he could stand up (or at least try), go to the nearest hospital and pump out his stomach.

In fact, Hannibal granted his request and cut the shackles with a kitchen knife, but before Will was able to adapt a clear thought, the psychiatrist took him on his arms without a foreseeable effort and carried him up the stairs. In affect, Will dug his fingers into the silken fabric of Hannibal's shirt collar, folded his legs over his hips, searching for balance to be prepared for the warning crash. This crash never happened. Hannibal held him pressed to himself. The desire to explain him that he was too heavy and should depose him germinated, but Will bit his tongue and concentrated on a fairly regular breathing. He felt slightly dizzy and vision blurred again, now because of tears which origin remained unknown to him. He Held on to Hannibal, leaned his ear against the broad chest, listening to the heartbeat underneath.

The pulse of the other man appeared to him as the only real, tangible sound in his world, impaired by medical substances. Despite that had been subjected to torture him this, he wasn’t angry at him. He knew, no matter what the psychiatrist did, he did it for a reason. And when he wanted to treat a patient with questionable means, then this degeneracy of the circumstances was no particular surprise. Will should at least have guessed that Hannibal would not tolerate his physical and culinary abstinence for long. Ultimately, he finally had nothing but the best for him in mind, hadn’t he? His perception already stocked up with velvet darkness at the corners, as he felt he was gently placed on a soft bed.

“What are you doing?” he whispered lazily, his tongue somehow thick and furry like a sponge overgrown with moss. He perceived nimble fingers pulling down his boxers. A plucking of his wrung nightgown followed as the whispered command to raise the arms

above his head. He did as he was told without question, was delirious. Only when he felt a warm breath of fresh air flit across his torso he realized how hot he felt. Whether it was the drugs that Hannibal had mixed in the serum or the reaction of his immune system to its quirky mental constitution Will could not judge. Did not want to.

His body was heavy as a rock but his head felt nice and light and empty. He could smell the salty scent of his own sweat drying on his skin, Hannibal's aftershave reigning as a specially manifested aura around him when he took off his socks. He tasted doughy heat and hearty excitement in the room. Was it his own? He was not sure. "Hannibal?" It was hardly a whimper. He swallowed, looked under heavy lids to his fiancé, who had stripped him of all disturbing clothes fully and took a look at him now. He was naked too, though Will could not remember when the doctor had undressed himself. Their eyes met. The one was a strong focus, the other pithy soft.

"I want to show you how much you mean to me, Will.¨ said Hannibal, a loving yet predatory nuance hidden in his soothing voice. " Let me take care of you. "

Will read the eagerness from his lips and in spite of the circumstances a shiver captured every of his muscle fibers. Hannibal didn't wait for his response.

He simply took what was his.

He bent over him, kissed him deeply and intimately, uncorked his mouth and longed for his tongue, courting it with his own. Will moaned softly. He felt Hannibal finger walk over his quivering flesh, always running back over his stomach, rubbing the skin, touching it. A dark tingling sent in his lap and Will realized that there was another form of hunger he had awfully neglected in the last week. Each time when Hannibal's hands stroked agonizingly close to his member he was reminded of it and he gritted his teeth to stop his whining. Lids closed, his perception not able to distinguish reality dream anymore he let himself sink down helplessly, sucking air through swollen lips. He sensed his surroundings, even the most particle-small factor reflected in the range of proprietary feelings and sensations. He felt as if his skin would steam, peel and sizzle in the atmosphere. Paradoxically, he liked that illusion, because Hannibal could fit particularly well in it. Hannibal's lips slid deeper, sipping at his throat and bit close to the carotid artery, repleting with the accelerated pulse of his heart. He also highlighted other places as his collarbone, his shoulder, licked his moist, spicy meat and sucked gently on the semi erect nipples until they were hard and flooded in red. Even at these sensitive spots the psychiatrist bit him, wrenching a painful gasp from Will.

He wants to consume me, it flashed briefly in his thoughts and to his own shame the prospect made his arousal grow even more. Hannibal noticed it and began to devote time to the plump gotten abdominen, ready to mark every inch with lips and kisses, a caressing attention almost sent to honorific esteem. Will could rather hear Hannibal's thin smile than see it. And soon he could *feel* it, tightly wrapped around his shaft with the sharp teeth and ruthless tongue that it hid between. Will narrowed his eyes, breathing shallowly as Hannibal took him into his mouth, enclosing his blood filled member in feverish, damp heat. The cannibal was a classic gourmet and he loved to cost the pulsing, hot flesh of Will's throbbing cock like a fine wine, slow and steady, controlled and insatiable. His tongue stroked over one of the slightly protruding, swollen veins in morbid curiosity, ensnared the shaft with his saliva and licked

over the shiny, wet slit acorn that already formed the first salty drops of precome. He sucked on him like he was a sugar candy. Will went on groaning, looking for a point on the ceiling to be able to focus a little bit to get back some control of his mind when he already had no control over his own body. His convulsing fingers cut black furrows in the pearl bright sheets, dug deep into the mattress as Hannibal used his teeth and gently sharpened over his sensitive flesh.

It made Will spread his legs even further, inviting and driven by fierce despair. It was a rehearsing, admiring ritual, possessive and deliciously immoral. Will's moans filled the room echoing from the walls. All he could do was to listen to his own perverted sounds of need and push up his hips in an irregular, animalistic driven rhythm. His eyes were moist when wet fingers pressed against his entrance and slid into him, scissoring inside his tight hole. The well-known, painfully sweet pressure, combined with the unbearable heat around his cock drew a smothered cry from his lungs. He was oversensitive for every touch. It had been so long ...

"H-Hannibal, wait, I-" he began hastily, but in that moment his orgasm hit him with such brutal violence that he himself would not have thought possible.

He came, and he came **hard**, almost explosively. Hannibal swallowed greedily all what Will was willing to give him, not daring to let a single drop of his semen go to waste. He let the limp cock slide out of his mouth with a wet bopping sound, scrupulously clean it from the last drops. Will watched him, panting, bathed in sweat, salt and tears. Redness planted like poppy on his cheeks.

"Y-you don't have to ... ¨ he stammered, could not bring out more words, let alone a complete sentence. Hannibal ignored him, his eyes still dark as coal, as he lay down beside his fiance and firmly pulled one arm iaround him. He kissed his face, his neck, his shoulder, all that he could reach and cover with the presence of his mouth.

"It was a pleasure." he whispered into the profiler's ear. "I was just as hungry as you were." His tongue floated soothingly over Will's temple. "You taste better than any dish I've cooked today." Will stiffened involuntarily, as the episode of forced feeding was brought freshly into his mind. His breath caught cold in his chest, contrary to it he pressed himself against his former tormentor, burying his nose at his collarbone. Like a young deer which sought protection behind the grazing form of its mother.

Where else should he go? There was nothing and no one he could run to otherwise. Or wanted to.

"You'll never be sated.¨ he murmured, not knowing why he left these words. It was an empathic intuition, a truth so clear he could see it even in their everyday life. Hannibal placed his lips on Will's forehead, remained there.

"That's a subtle affliction." he said. His accent sounded thicker than usual, complained of shared lust. "Have you regained your appetite by now?"

Will chuckled. The rustling vibration crashed into Hannibal's bare skin and sent heat in it.

“I dare not to imagine what could happen to me if I don’t.” he said honestly.

“Unorthodox cases require unorthodox methods. I always have your best interests at heart. You know that.”

“I know it.” the profiler repeated somewhat mechanically, glanced down at Hannibal's midsection. “Do you want me to take care of you now?”

His hand was about to move down, but Hannibal held it, led it instead to his neck.

“This was *your* therapy Will, not mine.” he replied to a question that had not previously been given. Will sighed.

“However, I’d like to thank you. Pay my debts.” he mumbled defiantly. He felt himself very childish at this moment but he could not bring himself to reason to worry. The heady aftermath of his orgasm stopped him, just as Hannibal's fingers began to draw intricate patterns on his back.

“I think we still have plenty of opportunities left for that. Let’s sleep a bit for now.”

Will nodded, thinking of the planned wedding and the nights that would take place before and after it.

Joint nights. Nights when he didn’t need to worry about his weight or care that he might be a nuisance to the psychiatrist one day. It had cost them both considerable trouble to find each other. Verquerem by strife and love interest, transgression, betrayal and reconciliation, murder and death. It had all been one poisonous feast and he had taken too many bites already to expect escaping this alive. Since Will had to give his fiance really pretty - a diet would rather harm the process than stop it and did he really want that?

The longer he stayed in the cannibal’s embracing shape and listened to his rapid breathing and regular heartbeat the question’s answer crystallized in Will’s mental construct like a mountain, on which he sat at the top and witnessed the rise of the marble moon. For the first time this week he was at peace with his body, his soul and himself. The ache of his bulging belly was blunted and transfigured his roaring pain to a sharp tweet.

He would survive it. Hannibal would never have done something to him he couldn’t recover from. He loved him too much to let him go. His face deeper pressingly in Hannibal's neck, he fell asleep smiling, lost in his infernal smell of blood and sex and the promise of eternity.

End Notes

Inspired by : Looking at my own tummy *sigh*

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